



"THE
HARVEST
INDEED
IS
GREAT,
BUT
THE
LABORERS
ARE
FEW.
"PRAY
YE
THEREFORE



THE
LORD
OF
THE
HARVEST,
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INTO
HIS
HARVEST."

St. Luke x- 2

The
Messenger
of Our Lady
of Africa

Published by
THE WHITE SISTERS OF AFRICA

METUCHEN

NEW JERSEY

RECOMMENDATION OF HIS EXCELLENCY
THE BISHOP OF TRENTON, N. J.

I wish to recommend herewith most heartily the Apostolic work of the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa. Their work is truly Apostolic and is most dear to the heart of our beloved Holy Father, Pius XI, the Pope of the Missions. Any encouragement that you may give to them will be blessed most abundantly by Our Divine Master, JESUS CHRIST, who died on the Cross that all men may have Eternal Life. This Congregation of Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa, we have made our very own in the Diocese of Trenton. Their work I have deemed most worthy of my special protection and I commend them most heartily to our good priests and faithful people. Imprimatur:

+ JOHN J. McMAHON
Bishop of Trenton,
Trenton, N. J.

Remember the Orphans

THE WHITE SISTERS are caring for almost a thousand little children in their Orphanages who have but one fault: INSATIABLE APPETITES! In these days of *depression* this is a serious fault indeed and the future would be very gloomy if the Sisters did not count on the assistance of the Little Flower of Lisieux, to whom they have entrusted the care of their orphans.

Daily folding their hands together, these little ones ask their holy protectress to shower heavenly roses upon their benefactors.



Any offering, no matter how small, for the ORPHANS' BREAD will be greatly appreciated by the Sisters. In return benefactors will have the prayers of these little ones and, better still, the blessing of Him Who was once a poor child Himself and who said: "As long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to me."—St. Matthew XXV.

For information apply to Rev. Mother Superior, 319 Middlesex Avenue, Metuchen, N. J.

The Messenger of Our Lady of Africa



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The White Sisters in Algiers

In Algiers, where the White Sisters have flourishing workrooms, in order to come in contact with the native women and girls they also cooperate with the Red Cross and direct a large Dispensary and Clinic. The Sisters may be seen wending their way through the narrow winding streets of ARAB TOWN bringing consolation and relief to the poor Mohammedans. In order to give our Readers a rapid view of these interesting works we shall transcribe the impression of a French Admiral.

LAST Spring being at anchor in roadstead at Algiers, I was invited by my sister, a Missionary of Our Lady of Africa, to visit the apostolical works of the Sisters in Marengo Street. MARENGO . . . this name evokes the vision of a battlefield. The Missionary House in Marengo Street is also a field of battle; but it is a silent battle, where charity struggles against misery—physical and moral misery, especially of a people separated from us by religion and prejudices.

Still, the contact has been established, and when the Arabs meet the Sisters in the narrow streets they greet them with "Good day, Sisters." In these few words you have the key to the mystery. The religious Missionary is indeed a sister to these poor people. They feel it and know she loves them, and for this reason they are drawn to her; she

Annals of Our Lady of Africa

*I read a book this very week,
What each of you should know
About the work, White Sisters do
Where missionaries go.*

*I read about their works of zeal
Their hardships and their pain,
But thought of all the wealth
In Godly love they'll gain.*

*I saw the little negro babes
They taught to sing and pray,
And I prayed too for their reward
In God's own land some day.*

SARA MANNING
Cathedral High School
Trenton, N. J.

becomes almost their property. Without knowing it, without wanting it to, their contact with the Sisters leads them to Catholicity. They learn to love it because the Sister is good, and she is a Catholic. Let us follow her, dear Reader, in her apostolical field of action.

Behind the Cathedral, a maze of narrow and twisting streets lead us to Marengo. Opposite the mosque whose cupola stands out against the sky, we find the dwelling of the Missionary Sisters. The semi-circular door, marked with large nails, turns slowly on its hinges in response to the noise of an old wrought knocker. With a smile, the

Sister portress invites us to come in. The shadow within is a striking contrast to the dazzling brightness outside and our eyes blink. Nevertheless, we soon distinguish the different moorish features of the moor-



ish corner to which we had been led; its twisted columns of white marble, its lacy incrustations, its shining pottery and its colored glass which sparkles in the sun—a charming ensemble which we find repeated in the patio. The artist has painted some birds here with extraordinary plumage. The starry crescent marks the faith of the architect while the Virgin

placed in the midst of plants in a corner represents that of the present inhabitants. Besides, the Master is here to tell of that faith. His presence is the reason for the Sisters' presence, for their life, for their works.

What are these diverse works? Let us go through and open the great door on which is posted "Work-room." In a narrow court, on the left, is a room the furniture of which consists of a table and some shelves. On these shelves, baskets made from various colored raffia, are piled. A few Bedouins are sitting on their heels and working diligently under the direction of a Sister. They are some transient apprentices, for the Koran demands women to be secluded, so they must work at home. This makes it difficult for the Sisters to have the work done with the perfection desired. However, I am sure you will admire these baskets and mats for plates and water bottles. Their warm shades show an ingenious use of raffia.

An outside stairway leads us to a second Arabian villa. The children's workrooms and the Dispensary are located in this building. At our entrance, the children rise and greet us. These girls are from eight to eleven years of age. The latter, I hear, are making the most of their liberty, for seclusion is lying in wait for them. Then good-bye to God's sunshine and fresh air! The Arabian lace is difficult to make and the oriental embroidery more so. But what splendid work comes from these childish hands! I know more than one little girl that would not be able to compete with these youngsters, who but yesterday, were still savage. I saw some carpets, some dresses trimmed with lace of various designs, some handkerchiefs, and some bibs and bonnets that would make any young mother envious. I saw . . . But I am not in the business and I dare not risk saying all that I did see. Let us pass on to the tiny tots.

Four, five, six years old or more, they are seated on a cushion on the ground, each one embroidering before her little table. Having reached the grade of mistress of embroidery, the little girl makes some characters embroidered in many colors. Her companion, who has not yet attained this degree, embroiders a more simple design. Apprentices make

flowers, stars, and even the moon is born under these childish fingers. As you pass between the two rows of workers they scarcely seem to notice you but nothing escapes them, not even my military bearing.

Outside is surely a kindergarten. Some children of two and three years surround a Sister who is telling a marvelous story judging from the rapt expressions of the babies. Their hair is braided together with wool and all these little pig-tails seem to stand up in admiration. Unfortunately, I know nothing of this palpitating story, for the Sister interrupted it to greet us.

The patio of the second villa is prettier than the other because of its worked columns. It is the Dispensary. Partitions of wood form small rooms, called



If the Messenger of Our Lady of Africa interests you, show it to your friends.



waiting rooms, rooms for consultations, operation room, etc. The ingenuity and order of the Sisters has compensated for the lack of space. In the back of the room, behind a screen, the doctor gives consultations for the children. It is a deafening uproar, at least for me, but the Sister moves within without paying any more attention to it than sailors to the roaring waves.

In the part of the patio transformed into a waiting room are found mothers with babies, nay even some fathers, full of solicitude for their offspring. The ladies and gentlemen turn their backs to one another. Do not criticize them. Is it not the politeness of the Koran?

In this little room, the windows of which open out on the great blue Mediterranean, is the office of laryno-

odontalgic treatments. Today, it is used by a doctor from the Pasteur Institute who is vaccinating without stopping. The babies cry and the doctor scolds. "What, are you not a man!" And the two months old baby screams all the more. The loud voice has frightened him, while the mother with offended dignity reproves the little squealer.

Next to this room is the operating room. The windows also open out on the beautiful sea. The table faces the rolling waves, so that, when a patient becomes enraptured in gazing on the magnificent view, a compress of ether sends him into the kingdom without pain. There is no send-off today, the room is empty; but the shining instruments in the glass cabi-



*Ask them
to subscribe
for it and
you will re-
ceive God's
blessing in
return.*



nets seem impatient.

Let us take a peep into the pharmacy. There is perfect order, not a corner unused, flasks, bottles, small and large pots are in evidence. There is also a beautiful cupola where the light shines through the many colored glasses.

Oh, but what is this! Surely it is not gay here! and involuntarily I think of the evocation of Samuel. I reassure myself. It is not spiritism. It is radio-therapy and the rickets of children are treated with ultra-violet rays. Give us God's sunshine! Come, let us enter this black room where the metal of the apparatus makes holes in the darkness. We are just in time for a demonstration. A click, then cries! Two small children, extremely thin, are submitted to the influence of the famous rays. It is frightful to see

but the results are excellent. Look at this child with spindle legs. He is beginning to walk, but a few months ago he could not even stand up. It is good to see the mother's joy.

In a marble corner a Sister is putting drops in eyes, dressing horrible wounds, in fact, relieving all kinds of aches and pains, sending her clients away, content with a word of encouragement or good counsel. The crowd is so great at the door that it is necessary to fix the number of sick people admitted each day. Otherwise, the line would never cease, day or night.

These are some good occupations, you say. It is true, but it is not all. I cannot take you through the narrow streets of ARAB TOWN where each one knows the Sisters and wishes them welcome. The doors of these homes are still closed to the PROFANE, but the Sisters are not of this class, and the doors open to receive them. They allow the Arabs to come to them. The Arabs in turn allow the Sisters to go to them, to their houses, to their sick and infirm, to their aged and to all their wretched ones. And through His docile instruments the Divine Physician works many cures—physical and spiritual ones, for in caring for the body the soul is brought to the feet of its Redeemer.

The time passes quickly and I must hasten back to the port. My visit at Marengo has instilled in me a great sympathy for the Missionary Sisters and their peaceful conquest as well as a desire to help them in every way possible. It is my hope in reading these lines, dear Reader, that this desire may also be yours.

Echoes From Africa

"Why was the Blessed Virgin conceived without sin?" asked the Teacher to a little negress.

"Sister, because if the Blessed Virgin had original sin on her soul the angels could have said to her: 'We are better than you. We are without sin.' Then she could not have been Queen of the Angels."

+

The children had rice for dinner and Matala does not like it.

"Matala, why do you not eat your rice?"

"Sister, it is not nice."

"Eat it just the same to please Jesus, who had nothing but vinegar to drink on the cross."

Soon the rice was eaten and Matala, taking the Sister's crucifix, kissed it saying: "Pardon me, Jesus."



The Exchange of "She Who Measured"

(An incident related by a White Sister on a Mission in Uganda)

AT dusk, just as I was about to lock the dispensary door, a queer silhouette like figure caught my eye. Its weird form in its very blackness instantaneously recalled to my mind the picture of strange looking soothsayers that used to roam about this mission in the early days of its existence. "What of these newcomers, so unlike ourselves?" they seemed to murmur as their eyes glanced our way.

The shadow approached; a sack of mystery hung from the creature's arm, another swayed across her back at each step, a coarse weaving of reeds and some cow's skin was all her garb, while long greasy braids hung from the decrepit woman's head. There was no more room for uncertainty, a witch was imploring of me a shelter. Charity bade me harbor her while Prudence made me call the guardian's attention to the presence in the hospital ward of an unusual protegee.

Several days rolled by, Kalengaine, as her name turned out to be, would accept the frugal meal served to all alike, but would slip out of the company and wait till the sun had set before touching her food. Only then and only after endless peculiar ceremonies would she take the nourishment necessary to her sustenance. Her ways as well as her looks were typical of those who deal in witchcraft.

One morning a stranger stopped at the convent door. A load he seemed pleased to get rid of lay in a heap on the ground. It was for Kalengaine, he said. Pleased with the chance, I questioned as to the origin of the negress he seemed to know. There was fear in his voice and yet he spoke thus:

"Kalengaine is a witch whose reputation is of long standing in the neighborhood. Her name means 'She who meas-



ured," and used to be on everybody's lips. She lived with my father for some time. There was room for her as long as money came in: milk and butter were abundant, while I remember many a feast on mutton. But to all good things there is an end. Be it that Europeans have a dislike to witchcraft, be it that the woman lost her control over the spirits, there came a time when her trade was no longer a livelihood. This put an end to good terms; squabbles and quarrels became everyday occurrences. She cursed my Father's home and thereupon was driven out of his sight. All these things she left behind her. My father fears they will bring us bad luck and told me: 'Go, take these

things away—look for Kalengaine—If you find her living, leave all with her new landlord. If you find her dead, place all on her tomb. Anyway do not let me see you here again until you have carried out my instructions.' As you say Kalengaine is with you," went on the stalwart fellow, "I have now done my task—I am free of her spirit, may it rest on you! . . ." Then as if he feared a refusal, he fled as fast as his legs could carry him, leaving at my feet the witch's riches and, as he believed, her spirit.

When the cloth-wrapped package was handed to Kalengaine neither surprise nor word came from her; she just shoved her belongings under her bed. Although recognized and accepted, they were apparently completely out of her mind.

The new surroundings seemed to please the old witch and as time went on she became less and less savage, and mixed more with others of her own advanced age. Kindness and charity softened many a sharp edge, she seemed to be gradually changing into a very different being. So much so that of her own accord she frequented my cate-

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Several Good Ways to Help the Missionary Sisters

<i>The perpetual adoption of a Missionary Sister.</i>	\$2,500.00
<i>The annual adoption of a Missionary Sister . . .</i>	125.00
<i>To support a dispensary for a year</i>	40.00
<i>The annual adoption of a child in one of the Sisters' orphanages</i>	40.00
<i>To ransom a woman or young girl for a Catholic marriage</i>	20.00
<i>Provide bread for a child, monthly</i>	1.00
<i>To build a hut for a patient in Central Africa . .</i>	10.00
<i>To support a leper in a hut for a month</i>	2.00
<i>To clothe a girl so that she may go to school for a year</i>	5.00
<i>To keep a sanctuary lamp burning for a month.</i>	1.00

The Ways of Providence

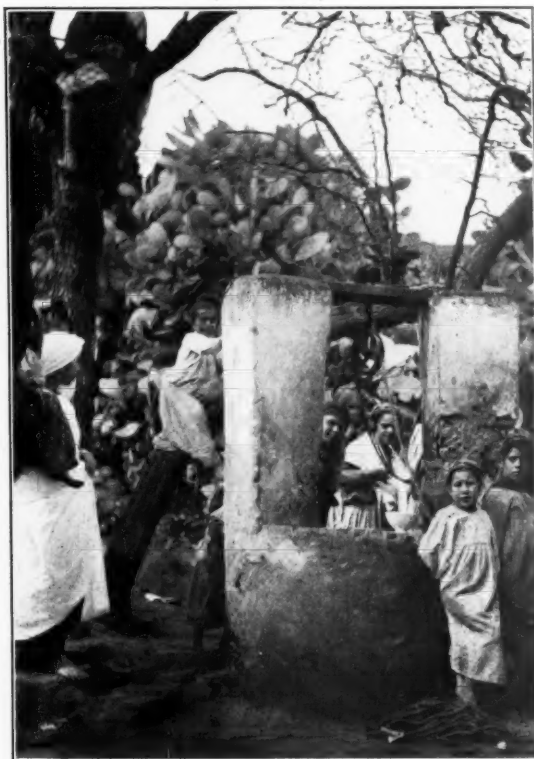
(Continued)

THE girls had been all ears why Kheira told her story.

"It's my turn now," said Fathma. "My story will not be long."

"My father had abandoned mother and myself and we lived all alone in a miserable hut within four walls; the bare necessities of life were wanting. I do not even remember the name of the village.

"One morning, mother did not get up, and she sent me to beg for something to eat. I returned with a piece of gallette (native bread), but mother did not touch it and made me eat it all myself. She was burning hot; high fever prevented her from rising. A bed was an unknown luxury; so she lay on the bare ground with a heap of



rags for a pillow. Several days later after taking a few swallows of the water I offered her to drink, her eyes grew dim. Shortly afterwards, she was no more.

"My cries of distress attracted the neighbors' attention and they attended to mother, because I did not know what to do.

"I was then all alone in this wide, wide world, with no one to care for me, no one to love me. A woman of the neighborhood had pity on me and allowed me to stay with her. Alas, I too fell ill. My protectress, fearing that her children would take the fever, sent me away.

"I must have fainted on the road, worn out as I was by hunger, fever, and misery. Later, I was told that someone picked

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The Exchange of "She Who Measures"

(Continued from Page 42).

chism lessons with the others who wished to hear me speak of God. Obviously, grace was transforming a soul that had been satan's prey. One day Kalengaine even willingly consented to have her long hair (a conventional sign of her power over spirits) clipped. So sincere was she that I felt perfectly safe to say: "How pleased I am to see that you are no longer a friend of satan and that you wish to be a child of God."

As some of the Black's idea of respect will have it, she fell on her knees, her wrinkled face wreathed in a nearly youthful smile, she clasped my feet and exclaimed: "Mawe, (mother) Yes, my God is my King and you are my saviour, you have delivered me from the spirits and will give me new life. I give you all I have of the devil and in return you must give me all you have of God!"

A proof that this was no hypocrisy was that there

and then, to my intense astonishment, she brought me each and every one of her trinkets, charms and other objects which she had once treasured so much.

Since then Kalengaine was the most assiduous at Christian Doctrine classes and her refrain counted only three lines, used alternately but invariably:

"I have given you all that I had of the devil, when are you going to give me all you have of God?"

Do you want me to die a pagan, to give me back to satan?

What are you waiting for, when will you make me a child of God?"

I encouraged her and I prayed. She begged for baptism unceasingly. So well were both of us heard that half an hour after Baptism, her snow-white soul flew to eternal rest — Kalengaine had measured . . . the infinite mercy of Almighty God.

SR. MARIE AUGUSTINA
W. S.

Spiritual Favors and Advantages

All those who help the missions in one way or another will share in the Masses, prayers and good works offered up daily by the Missionaries and the natives for their Benefactors.

Three Masses are celebrated every month for the intentions of the Benefactors.

The Ways of Providence

(Continued from page 43)

me up and brought me to the White Sisters' hospital, where, to my surprise, I found myself when I became conscious.

"The Sisters asked me all kinds of questions, but I could answer none. I was ill, very ill, and the Sisters nursed me for a long time before I began to eat and to go about again. However, my strength came back little by little; then my greatest pleasure was to help the Sisters in every way I could.

"In the meantime, the Sisters had taken measures to find out my identity. One day my father came to the door and wanted to know if I were the child he had lost sight of some time ago. For fear he would take me away, I caught hold of the Sister's

habit and begged her not to let him. Happily for me, my father seemed to be satisfied with knowing where I was, and the idea of staying with the Sisters delighted me. Soon afterwards, I was brought to St. Charles. I often think of how good the Sisters were to me at the hospital and I am most grateful to Almighty God who led me there through such strange circumstances."

That was the end of Fathma's story. The bell called us to Benediction, but the children, before taking their places to go to Chapel, made me promise to pay them another visit so as to listen to other stories for which the time was too short today.

SR. MARY W. S.

(To be continued)



Too Many Conversions!!!

TOO many conversions! strange words to come from the lips of a Christian and more so from those of a Missionary, a Missionary Bishop. However, such were the words of His Excellency Bishop Gorju to some of our Sisters, who recently arrived in Central Africa. On being presented to the Bishop, the Sisters told him of the numerous prayers that were promised for the conversion of the negroes.

"Conversions!" he interrupted, "why there are too many conversions. It is impossible to instruct all those who request it. I just came back from visiting the Vicariate. Thousands of men, women and children want to become catechumens. They surrounded me, begging me not to leave them before promising to send them Fathers and Sisters.

"What can I answer to all these poor people who have a right to receive religious instruction? O! Missionaries, Fathers and Sis-

ters! above all, pray God to send an army of Apostolic laborers, mouths to evangelize and hearts that love God and will make Him loved." Such were the words pronounced by the Bishop with tears in his eyes.

Are we going to ask you not to pray for the conversion of the negroes? No, certainly not. But let not the vibrant supplication of our Bishop remain without an echo in your heart. Pray, beg God and His Blessed Mother to send Apostles to Africa. Make known to others the needs of the Church in these pagan regions, the thirst of souls for the word of God and spiritual nourishment, and, if God, in His mercy makes known to you His Divine Call, oh, do not hesitate, praise His infinite goodness and with confidence take

your place among His Apostolic laborers to cultivate His Vine.

God and souls are calling you, come! do not resist any longer.

"Even though the Missionaries labor zealously; though they work and toil and even lay down their lives in leading the pagans to the Catholic Religion; though they employ all industry and diligence and all human means, still all this shall be of no avail, all their efforts shall go for naught, unless God touches the hearts of pagans, to soften them and to draw them to Him. Now, it is easy to see that everyone has the opportunity to pray, and so this help, the very nourishment of the Missions, is within the power of all to supply.

PIUS XI.—THE POPE OF THE MISSIONS.

